**PUERTO RICO AND PSYCHOSIS: WALDO FRANK**

# THE Nation

March 13, 1954

20¢

## RHEE

## PROFILE OF A DESPOT

*by Mark Gayn*

**EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865**

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MAR 1 1954

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# Around the U.S.A.

## Southern Youth And Non-Segregation

*Atlanta, Georgia*

THE vast wooden barracks built during World War II seven or eight miles north of Atlanta to house the Lawson General Hospital were closed up some years ago, but a few of the weather-beaten buildings have now been "re-activated"—to use the peculiar jargon of official Washington—and are used as a pre-induction examination center for draftees from Georgia and neighboring areas of Alabama and Tennessee. The physical and mental examinations take roughly twenty-four hours, and the boys are required to spend the night at the center. They arrive usually about noon and are immediately started on the rounds of the doctors and medical assistants. They are treated to no talks about democracy or "what are we fighting for." Everybody is too busy for that.

But after the evening meal there is a respite from examinations and most of the boys wander over to the Red Cross Recreation Center. The Red Cross asks various civic organizations of Atlanta to provide the entertainment on different nights. I went out one evening about two weeks ago with a group of B'nai B'rith volunteers. I have lived in the South for a long time and am well aware that race relations have changed greatly in the past decade, but I was quite unprepared for what I saw.

The recreation hall was noisy with the laughter and chatter of five hundred healthy youngsters. Many of them were in their work clothes and looked as if they had been freshly plucked from behind a plow or out of a gas station. Some wore the insignia of their high schools or—in a few cases—their colleges. All were only a few hours away from the completely segregated environment in which they had been reared. Yet here in the Red Cross Recreation Center, a few miles north of Atlanta, where Governor Talmadge resides, I saw white and Negro boys associating without a sign of self-consciousness.

They were playing ping-pong, checkers, cards, and dominoes together. They were standing in line together to get cookies and coffee. They were even assaulting one of the last citadels of Southern segregation by eating together. Out on the porch a group of white and Negro boys were fighting—but with boxing gloves.

There could be no question that these potential soldiers from the deep South were taking the extremely sudden shift from segregation to integration completely in their stride. I could detect no tension in the atmosphere.

I spoke to one of the Red Cross workers. She said that an integrated recreation room had been established some six months ago, after the army announced a non-segregation policy at the post. During these six months there had been no ugly incidents of any sort, though the thousands of young men passing through the center represented every conceivable attitude. They had accepted the prevailing pattern and with the elasticity of youth adapted themselves to it with remarkable speed.

THERE IS A MORAL in this worth drawing. The Supreme Court is about to hand down a decision in the school-segregation cases. If we can judge by the experience of the Red Cross center in Atlanta—and by the record on the campuses of half a hundred Southern colleges—no difficulty need be expected from the young people who will be affected. The trouble, if there is any, will come from the older people.

Powerful elements in the South—the pattern makers—are frightened of making the change from segregation to integration. And for the next few years these people may try to perpetuate the present segregated pattern through ingenious legal quirks and political devices. If it were left to the youngsters alone, I am convinced that the ending of segregation in the schools would cause hardly a ripple on the placid surface of community life.

ALEXANDER F. MILLER

[*Mr. Miller is director of the Southern office of the Anti-Defamation League.*]

# Letters

## Greeting to Lattimore

*Dear Sirs:* Congratulations on your thoughtful articles dealing with the Pakistan problem (January 23). Particularly significant was your use of Owen Lattimore. I had begun to think that "one of the country's foremost experts on the Far East" had been permanently and shamefully shelved. Thanks for putting him back in circulation again.

And may I thank you for a continuing flow of serious reporting on all subjects; it helps to bring light and heart to those of us who are trying to find meanings beyond the ballyhoo of official brass and braid.

*Lemont, Ill.* EMMER ENGBERG

## Extracting the Truth

*Dear Sirs:* Of all the Communist cases in the headlines the one that has made my blood run cold is the case of Dr. Peress, the army dentist. The idea that a possible Communist, or a possible former Communist, or the possible acquaintance of a possible Communist might have—for eighteen months—practiced dentistry in our army is appalling. Who knows what secret messages may at this moment be concealed under the fillings this possible Communist may have put into the mouths of our innocent, or conspiratorial, officers and men? Suppose one of his patients should be captured by the enemy: a pulled tooth, and they would have a detailed map of the Pentagon's new hideaway. Or a platoon—still under the influence of novocaine shock—might desert to the enemy with an entire set of plans for all our atomic installations concealed in their teeth! Common sense insists that all the teeth of all the members of our armed forces be extracted *at once.*

All of us have to go to the dentist. How do we know that our man is not or was not a Communist? It is clear that the government must deal promptly with this menace. The F. B. I. should round

[*Continued on page 228*]

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

# The Shape of Things

## No Concord at Caracas

In Caracas discord persists. Long before the conference opened it was perfectly clear that our neighbors were more interested in a reversal of Washington economic policies than in any export of the blessings of McCarthyism to their shores. A single statistic suffices to explain their attitude: the majority of the countries assembled in Caracas show an average per capita income of between $200 and $400 a year. Their governments are demanding a United States economic policy based on reciprocity rather than on the concept that Latin America exists solely as furnisher of raw materials for the capacious maw of North American industry.

On the political side it is the doctrine of non-intervention that the Latin Americans place above everything else. They have defended it forcefully at every inter-American conference to date; it was reaffirmed explicitly in the Charter of Bogotá as recently as 1948. Here is a doctrine which arouses united support from so extreme a rightist as President Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela and the representative of leftist Guatemala, Foreign Minister Toriello. Because Toriello, instead of devoting his speech to a defense of the course of events in his country, passed shrewdly to the offensive by accusing the United States of violating the principle of non-intervention, he drew the greatest applause of the first week of the sessions.

The meaning of Caracas is reflected more accurately in this applause than in Dulles's fight to get his anti-Communist resolution approved. Of course in the end Dulles will win his fight; he has irresistible economic cards in his hands. But it will be a Pyrrhic victory, as most delegates—even those who at this writing are planning to vote for it—are saying. And it can hardly delight Dulles that his traditional policy of "negotiating from strength" this time found its strongest support in the Dominican Republic.

## Real Dangers: Imaginary Risks

Last week Congress received a timely lesson in the nature of our real security problem. In the wake of the bloody shooting on Capitol Hill, it has surely occurred to some if not all of the members of Congress that, given a little better aim, Lolita Lebron and her assistants might easily have assassinated a dozen or more of their number. And this despite the highly-publicized efficiency of a vastly-expanded Federal Bureau of Investigation, a burgeoning security set-up, three congressional committees devoted to the detection of subversive activities, and astronomical appropriations for secret intelligence and counter-espionage. Clearly our obsessive concentration on heresy has blinded us to the obvious fact that the ways of spies, saboteurs and assassins are not those of political agitators, pamphleteers, and soap-box orators. The point, of course, will be lost on Congress, a majority of whose members would order Mr. Velde to make an investigation if told that sunspots were caused by "subversive" elements.

Nor will it occur to the fear-ridden legislators to demand a public explanation from the F. B. I. To be sure, the F. B. I. is not charged with White House security and was not therefore primarily accountable when an attempt was made on the life of former President Truman in November, 1950, by the same group of Puerto Rican nationalists. But the attempt gave notice of a very likely security hazard. How, when, and where did Lebron and her associates obtain the guns used in this murderous folly? Was she under surveillance? If not, why not? But Hoover's men ask questions; they never answer them. Perhaps if the full facts were disclosed it would be clear that the F. B. I. has been so busily engaged conducting peep-hole probes, tapping telephone lines, and checking up on poison-pen letters that no personnel is available to keep an eye on real gun-toting terrorists.

## The Dreadful Crimson Tide

In our February 27 issue we noted Alabama's new law which requires publishers to certify to the "non-communism" of the authors as well as the contents of all textbooks used in the state's public schools. Most school principals are now listing their textbooks preparatory to eliciting the necessary certification from the publishers. But in Escambia County, according to the Mobile *Press*

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*Register*, the law has met its match in a county school superintendent who said: "If the Legislature wants to put labels in the books used in our county schools, they can provide the money. I am not going to spend one nickel for . . . this unreasonable and useless law." Only our sense of the proprieties stops us from commending this estimable Southern gentleman for his sound Yankee common sense.

Next after the public school textbooks, we hear, the Alabama legislators intend to light out after the University of Alabama, home of that dreadful Muscovite scourge of American football stadia, the Crimson Tide.

# Puerto Rico and Psychosis

BY WALDO FRANK

THE FANTASTIC lunacy of the Puerto Ricans who last week sprayed the House of Representatives with bullets is not simple to understand. When a Russian terrorist flung a bomb at the Czar, although we deplored his method of expressing certain human values, we could hardly call him mad. But our regime in Puerto Rico has by no means been a tyrannous display of violence, calling for violence. We gave up long ago our early effort to force our language on the islanders; by our technics we lowered their death-rate without interfering with the precepts of their church which kept the birth-rate high, so that the population (and its problems) enormously increased; we granted them full freedom of speech and press, including the right to denounce us; finally, we made them a Commonwealth, and both Truman and Eisenhower have solemnly assured them they can have complete national independence when they want it. By a large majority, they have voted that they do not want it. Therefore the wild deed in Congress seems both crazy and frivolous; and one cannot blame Governor Muñoz Marín for flying to Washington to say just this. Yet psychopathology is the royal road to general psychology. Madness can be as revealing as creative genius. On the premise that a nation wielding world power should know the facts of life, it would be unfortunate if we Americans remained satisfied with writing off the Congress affair as the mere froth of crackpots, signifying nothing.

Most Puerto Ricans, admirably represented by their brilliant Governor, are aware that total independence today would spell at least temporary disaster for the island. It would choke off the overflow of population to our shores; it would stop the import privileges on whose basis Puerto Rico's economy has been built for fifty years; it would mean unemployment, overcrowding, starvation. But from this it does not follow that in their hearts the island people love the United States or are at home in our gravitational field. The last fifty years of American power




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have deepened all Latin America's sense of profound cultural and spiritual separation from us. The Puerto Ricans, on the frontier of the two worlds, yet fixed to our magnetic force, sense vaguely that an injury to their ethos has been done already, and that no constitution of independence can efface it. The sane majority accept an insoluble situation, suppressing their knowledge that it is tragic. Their resentments and hate sink to the unconscious—to be voiced by madmen. This is the true substance of the "plot" behind the Puerto Rican bullets.

AT THE last Inter-American Conference, held six years ago in Bogotá, another act of symbolic violence was committed. Eliazir Gaitán, a popular liberal leader who had been excluded from the conclave (discussion of all labor problems was barred by United States orders), was shot in a central street. Spontaneously the people rose. They broke into the hardware stores for arms, into the gas-stations for fuel (leaving the banks alone) and burned the heart of their own gracious city. The American delegation promptly cried "Communist!" In truth the people were articulating, in one vast outburst, their rage at the entire continental system captained by the United States. Since they lacked all leadership and constructive method for getting rid of alien masters, their deed was madness.

Pedro Albizu Campos, the fanatical Harvard graduate who leads the nationalists of Puerto Rico, may—as Muñoz Marín assures us—have less than 500 disciples. A poet with a far smaller following may express the instinct of a people. A mob, like that of the Colombian towns, can crudely voice it. This is the message of the four Puerto Ricans; and we would be wise to read it, however the fact that it is writ in blood disturbs us.

The message says that the Hispano-American peoples, struggling toward self-consciousness and toward mastery of their problems, reject our leadership. This they do from intuitive strength and faith in their own values—and also from hysterical weakness insofar as they have not yet learned to organize these values in terms of the modern world. We may correctly bow to their demand for political independence; nevertheless, while we master their markets, their workers in field and mine belong to the American system. We may help them toward technological and economic independence; nevertheless, our sincerest collaboration must partake of our culture; and it is the *values* of this culture (despite the worth of certain of its products) which they fear. The crux of the problem is the culture: our basic and invasive way of life. The self-righteous gestures of a Mr. Dulles or a Doctor Milton Eisenhower merely exacerbate, because they reveal our complacent ignorance that the problem exists.

This is the emotional substance of the Latin-American nationalist movements and of the sentimental softness in some sectors toward the Communists. The Hispanic ethos is far closer to anarchism than to Marx. But in the arithmetic of peoples there is usually room for one hate at a time. If the hate is for our American culture, it will inspire a reflex friendliness toward that culture's foe—which only later, perhaps too late, may be revealed as more hostile and hateful than the first hated object. Communism's best ally in Latin America is not Moscow but Washington, with its complacent, ignorant assumption that our life values are supreme and that there are no others.

The scene in the House of Representatives was a sample of the world-psychosis. In the sense that no great national group today knows what it is really defending, what it is really fighting, the politics of the world has become a huge insanity. We, for instance, unable to admit the shoddy quality of our culture, desperately defend it by finding a Communist under every bed. The pathetic Washington foursome, unable to admit that the Puerto Rico of their dream is gone forever, try to shoot it into existence. "Defense of humane life values" by the proliferation of fantastic instruments of death is the most conspicuous symptom of the great psychosis—unless it is the selection, almost everywhere, of representative "leaders" whose knowledge of psychology goes as far as chicanery and the needs of hypocrisy—and no farther.

In a psychotic world, madness must speak truth. The pitiful guns of the Puerto Ricans told us: "You've offered us freedom, but you cannot mean it. For your own way of life is the denial of freedom—freedom of men to become wholly human. You may let us write a constitution; you may even pay big dollars for our rum. So long as *your* values prevail, freedom is absent."

# The McCarthy Dilemma

THE PRESIDENT came to bat last week under dramatic circumstances. A record-breaking number of correspondents—more than attended his first press conference—were on hand to hear what he had to say about Senator McCarthy's attempt to intimidate the army. For a week national interest in the conference had been building up. When the President spoke, he had the undivided attention not only of the nation but of a large section of world opinion. A nearly unanimous press had urged him to take a strong line with McCarthy; he had been given every assurance of support. In fact some of the leading Republican newspapers had even told him what to do and say, just in case his notoriously clumsy advisors were not on their toes. Under these highly favorable circumstances, the President strolled to the plate and tapped an easy roller down the first base line which McCarthy was able to field without lifting his foot from the bag. It was an inept, anti-climactic, and thoroughly unheroic performance. Defense Secretary Wilson did



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somewhat better with his "damned tommyrot" statement the following day but it is apparent that neither man is in a position to challenge McCarthy effectively.

The basic reason is clear. To the New York *Times,* the President expressed his own and the nation's "revulsion" toward Senator McCarthy's mode of operation. But this is wishful thinking. The President may not like some of McCarthy's methods but he shares some if not all of his stated objectives. He has expressed a lively interest in Representative Martin Dies's proposal to outlaw the Communist Party. He has suggested that American citizens, native-born as well as naturalized, who are convicted of violating the Smith Act should be stripped of their citizenship. McCarthy has yet to advocate as violent a proposal as this; even Senator McCarran denounced it as "half-baked." The President has encouraged Attorney General Brownell to sponsor legislation that would permit the use of wire-taps and give committee chairmen the power to divest witnesses of the protection of the Fifth Amendment. Even Senator McCarran has misgivings about the wiretapping proposal.

Did the President express "revulsion" over Mr. Brownell's deceitful presentation of the facts in the White case? Mr. Brownell has now been forced to concede that the 1945 FBI report on spy rings was not "lost," as he had charged, but was known to Thomas J. Donegan, the prosecutor who directed the 1947-48 grand jury spy investigation. Does demagoguery cease to be demagoguery when practiced by Messrs. Brownell and Dewey? The President had nothing to say last Thursday when asked to comment on Senators Dirksen and McCarthy's proposal that "disagreeable labor camps" should be set up for draftees rejected by the army as ideologically "unsuitable." The President knows about concentration camps; he inspected some in Europe.

Beyond all this, nothing the President has said or done shows an awareness of the fact that McCarthy is dangerous only because he has the backing of powerful neo-fascist forces in this country. Informed Europeans can sense this across an ocean; witness the unanimity with which the British press has pin-pointed the real danger. A good end never justifies the use of evil means; but with how much greater force can it be said that evil ends can never be justified by "proper" means.

THE President's dilemma—and it is the nation's—may be traced back to the fact that he has taken McCarthy's demagoguery at face value. McCarthy says his sole aim is to ferret out agents of the Communist conspiracy. The President's agreement with the desirability of this *stated* objective places him in the position of appearing to quarrel only with McCarthy's methods. This is a weak position. Opinion polls have long shown that the public is really not concerned about the methods used if the danger is as great as it is said to be. But when the government, as Adlai Stevenson pointed out in his Miami address, can turn up only one alleged Communist among more than 2,000,000 federal employees, it should be perfectly clear that the "anti-Communist" demagogues have been guilty of "a great deception." The way to determine McCarthy's real aims is to look at what he has accomplished, not at what he says he intends to accomplish. Who now can deny the force of Mr. Stevenson's summing up of the results of McCarthyism to date?

> Our State Department has been assailed and demoralized. The American voice abroad has been enfeebled. Our educational system has been attacked; our press threatened; our servants of God impugned; a former President maligned; the executive departments invaded; our foreign policy confused; the President himself patronized; and now the integrity, loyalty, and morale of the United States army have been assailed.

The significance of the last two weeks' developments, therefore, consists in the fact that for the first time, to quote the New York *Times,* "the McCarthy issue has begun to change its shape." That is, many conservative sources have now been forced to acknowledge and to say what *The Nation* has been insisting for the last three years, that McCarthy's aim is not to ferret out Communists—he would invent Communists if they did not exist—but to seize total power. With him means and ends are one, and as Mr. Stevenson notes, they are "wicked and subversive." The fact that Mr. Stevenson has apparently decided to recognize McCarthyism as the one great issue of the campaign—the Republicans, aided by McCarthy, have made it that—is the best political news of the season, for it means that the public will now be educated on the real aims of McCarthyism.

# After Franco—What?

By J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IT MAY sound paradoxical, though not to anyone who knows the Spanish people well, but it is only now, when the millions of American dollars obtained in return for bases are flowing into Spain, that Franco's worst headaches are beginning. Two recent events have demonstrated the weakness of a dictatorship which its friends in the United States like to present as unshakable. The students of Madrid received official orders to demonstrate for the return of Gibraltar to Spain; instead, they demonstrated against the Franco regime. A small-scale strike in the Basque Euscalduna factory, involving 2,000 workers, so frightened the authorities that they dared not apply the existing anti-strike laws. What they feared was a show of solidarity throughout Spain which might have led to another wave of strikes like that of 1951.



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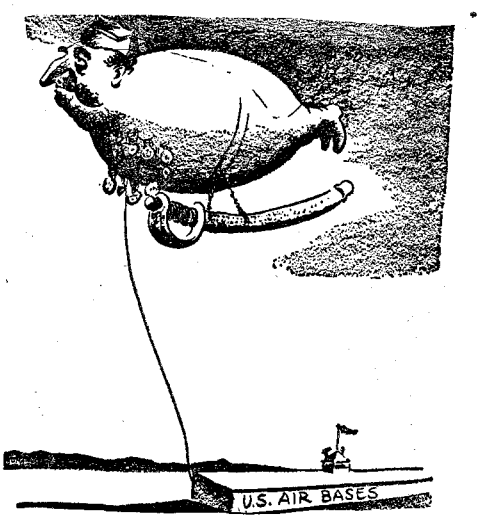
These are not isolated incidents but the start of a grave crisis for the Franco regime. They should be studied dispassionately. This can be done better by an unbiased foreign expert on Spanish affairs than by a Spaniard, who is of necessity prejudiced. It is fortunate that M. Jean Creach, former Madrid correspondent of the Paris *Monde,* has set himself this task and has fulfilled it brilliantly.

M. Creach was ordered out of Spain by the Franco government a few months ago—nobody quite knows why. Without exactly being a devotee of the dictator, he had praised his actions on many occasions and displayed a marked coolness toward the Republicans. He has since continued to comment on Spanish affairs with great detachment, making good use of his profound knowledge of Spain. These qualities can be seen in a series of six articles which he recently published in *Le Monde* under the general title Between the Falange and the King. The articles show that he has kept in touch from Paris with his contacts inside Spain—big industrialists, bankers, generals, and, above all, monarchists. His documentation is, from this angle, impressive.

M. CREACH starts his series with a detailed and not very encouraging account of the Spanish economy: 1953 was a bad year and 1954 does not promise to be any better. Wheat and olive oil, which with wine and oranges are the key products of Spanish agriculture, are in short supply. In the midst of the agricultural crisis there is a multiplicity of ambitious projects—big industrial plants, giant electric-power schemes, and similar "sensational innovations" favored by dictators since the days of Mussolini. "Many Spanish industrialists," writes M. Creach, "wonder in connection with all these gigantic schemes, which seldom go beyond the paper stage, whether Spain, so used to living beyond its means, is not now living beneath its means."

Government circles have placed great hopes on American aid. The optimists of the regime believe, according to M. Creach, that the Americans are prepared to reequip the entire Spanish economy. But experts with a better sense of reality do not think that the United States will increase its aid to Spain, already running into billions of dollars, at a time when it is reducing its own military expenditures. Of course, what Franco is counting on is that the Americans, in order to overcome French and Italian resistance to E. D. C., will want to place ever greater emphasis on the strategic role of Spain —and of West Germany—in their new "peripheral strategy," including the policy of "instant massive retaliation." But for the time being the investment of dollars in the reconstruction of the Spanish economy is proceeding slowly. The head of the American Economic Mission to Spain has taken good care not to rouse undue expectations in Madrid and has insisted that the industrialization of the country cannot be financed by the United States.

And so the Spanish opposition can rightly say that Franco has not only sold his country but sold it very cheap. The rearmament of Spain to meet American strategic plans is not accompanied by any large schemes for social reform. Some Spaniards would be less opposed to the presence of American troops had the Americans brought with them a measure of prosperity. But it is




Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

already clear that the spending of dollars means neither the end of starvation nor improved living conditions anywhere along the line. The social situation remains as desperate today as it was before Franco became one of America's favored allies. "The gravity of the situation is recognized by large sectors of the government and above all by the Falange and the church," comments M. Creach. The Falange is trying to regain its influence by a policy of "attracting the proletariat." But according to M. Creach, "the sentiments of the workers have remained unaffected . . . ; they still oscillate between scornful indifference and outright hatred." The distinguished French journalist sees things very clearly. "Paternalism" à la Perón has failed to attract the "shirtless" of Spain.

The Spanish workers are outwardly quiet, waiting for a settlement of accounts. Although they are destined to shape the future of Spain, they are not at present the most immediate menace to the regime. "The danger is from the right," as the Falange never ceases to reiterate. M. Creach examines the most urgent problem facing Spain today—"the problem of succession." His analysis is based on intimate knowledge of the elements which only a couple of years ago were more or less supporting Franco but which, impelled by varying motives, would today like to have him replaced by a regime "less fraught with potential danger." None the less, I think that M. Creach makes two important mistakes. He errs first in thinking that Franco is so interested in facilitating a



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solution for the crisis of succession that he would abdicate in favor of a king, and second in believing that the crisis can be solved by a return of the monarchy rather than of the republic. Otherwise M. Creach provides an accurate analysis of the Spanish situation. From a writer of his moderate views it is also an impressive one.

Franco, to quote M. Creach, "is leading Spain toward a restoration of the monarchy; only the extremists in the Falange and among the monarchists themselves remain skeptical, for their own differing reasons. . . . However, the monarchy still lacks institutions and a monarch." Franco does not like the official pretender, Don Juan; he prefers his eldest son, Juan Carlos. M. Creach, who hates the idea of the Republicans returning to power, is worried about Franco's slowness and vacillation in carrying out "Operation Monarchy." He fears that time is running out. "Surely the Caudillo is aware that the present moment of euphoria following the signing of the American treaty will not last and that the passing of time will reduce his margin of initiative. A number of his friends say that 1954 is perhaps the optimum year for his decision." M. Creach, who is objective enough to show no signs of resentment against Franco for expelling him from Spain, cannot help asking himself whether this optimum year will pass without bringing a solution. "Although Franco alone can designate his successor, he is no longer in sole control of the timetable. All the factors of Spain's internal politics are converging to put a stop to his temporizing. If he acts soon he has a chance to assure a peaceful succession. If not. . . ."

This "if not "of Mr. Creach is the quintessence of his remarkable series of articles, which were read with great interest in European chancelleries and were widely commented upon by the European press. That no similar analysis has yet appeared in the American press is illustrative of the way in which the truth about Spain is kept from the American people. Americans are still being told that the Franco regime is apparently destined to last forever.

# WHAT PRICE RHEE?

## Profile of a Despot . . *by Mark Gayn*

AS SO often in the past year, Syngman Rhee's name is once again on many tongues. Washington is engaged in an anxious effort to convince him it is not planning to "sell out" South Korea at the coming Geneva conference. An envoy of Rhee's has been causing consternation in Indo-China. America's allies are uneasy about Rhee's next move. And in Seoul this aged man is warring on all comers—on American foreign policy and relief agencies, on the "appeasers" in the United Nations, on "faithless" India and "treacherous" Japan, and of course on communism. Most of the Western world is seeking a modus vivendi with the Communist powers. But Rhee, alone in step, advocates armed action—immediate, united, and hydrogenic. "You never win anything from the Reds through negotiation!"

*MARK GAYN, author and foreign correspondent, has spent considerable time in the Far East. Among his books are "The War for the Pacific" and "Japan Diary."*

What is it that has made Rhee's voice so important? It is easy to dismiss him as a despot, a demagogue, and a dangerous bluffer. He is all of these things, and some that are even less attractive. None of them, however, explains his phenomenal rise from a chronic émigré to a man of genuine power. The secret must be sought elsewhere—in his own mettle in the "cold war."

WHEN a United States army plane brought Rhee to Seoul in mid-October of 1945 and he was unveiled before his people by Lieutenant General John R. Hodge, he was merely one of several Korean politicians being tested hopefully by the American policy-makers. After decades of Japanese rule his name was one of the few known vaguely to the literate Koreans, and having lived in the United States for some thirty years he was expected to be amenable to American advice. Of the other Korean aspirants, one was far more skilled in the ways of political terror; another was more friendly to the West; still another enjoyed a far wider popularity among his people.

This, for Korea, was a time of political intoxication, of flux and chaos, of private armies and private murder, of vast popular yearnings and a search for slogans that would electrify the newly liberated people. Armed bands of rightist youths roamed the streets in search of victims, and each politician's home was a fortress. Two of Rhee's major rivals were mysteriously assassinated. A third—the State Department's choice for the Presidency of Korea—fled to a United States army hospital in fear of murder, and eventually moved to the Red north. Rhee alone survived.

He was well liked by some American generals in Seoul, but it would be wrong to say he sought favors from the United States. He was intransigent and intractable. Frequently he was at loggerheads with the American Command. Once, he told me, he had given his word to the United States army to keep his mouth shut, and he kept his promise for five months—more or less. All the while he



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was building up his personal machine.

What sustained him was a genius for practical and often murderous politics, and a complex of historical factors. After thirty-five years in exile he spoke what was almost a pidgin Korean. He made it do, and his intensity compensated for the tortured grammar. He was married to a Viennese woman, and though she meddled in politics and made enemies, he made use of her social graces. Even at his loneliest, he had a few well-placed American friends in uniform. I remember a small dinner party at the Rhees' home at a dark moment when the State Department had made up its mind to jettison him in favor of another politician. The mood at the table was distinctly low. Yet, to keep it from sinking too far, there was a colonel from General Hodge's staff, as a physical demonstration to Rhee that he was not without supporters.

Though he holds degrees from Harvard and Princeton and has spent most of his adult life in the West, Rhee has seemingly remained immune to its social currents. When Korea lay prostrate at the war's end and two of his rivals championed social and economic reform, Rhee either ignored or opposed it. He was not interested in remaking the fabric of society formed under the Japanese occupation; it was enough that he could put it to his own uses. It was only incidental that his stand endeared him to the landlords, the industrialists, and the profiteers who formed the backbone of his support. He was—and is—genuinely opposed to any social wrecking. Only radicals and American dreamers, such as the first American ambassador, Dr. Arthur Bunce, were for reform, and Rhee was neither a radical nor a dreamer.

FROM the outset, he had set himself up on a narrow but very solid platform. He was against that political monstrosity which split his country along the Thirty-eighth Parallel; he was against communism; and he was for the revival of a "Great Korea." He wanted both American and Russian troops moved out of Korea and then the nation united—by sword and fire if necessary. Like Chiang Kai-shek, Rhee was one of the "cold war" originals. He saw no possibility of compromise with the Communists, and he wanted to march north. It was never clear just how far north. Many of Rhee's mass and terrorist organizations bore the words "Great Korea" in their names, and some of his associates told me it was Rhee's mission to liberate the Korean people and territory within Russia's borders.

All these things helped Rhee to survive. The terrorists took care of the rivals. Friendly American officers gave comfort when the State Department was hostile. And of course, as the "cold war" turned more intense, his position became stronger. When Moscow decided on the thrust south of the Thirty-eighth, it made Rhee the West's indispensable Korean. Today it is too late to do anything about it. He has the strongest anti-Communist army in Asia; he operates a vocal and efficient "Korea lobby" in the United States; and he has displaced Chiang Kai-shek as the ranking foreign sacred cow in American politics.

Unfortunately, Rhee's recent antics have served to obscure the tragic picture in South Korea. No one will ever be able to estimate the number of civilian casualties in the south. Some guesses have run as high as a million—and perhaps twice that in the north. South Korea has well over 100,000 war orphans. Some 750,000 civilian homes are estimated to have been destroyed, and three out of every four mines and textile plants are either destroyed or badly damaged.

To heal some of the hurt, the United States undertook to spend a billion dollars for Korean rehabilitation. The first payment of $200,000,000 was voted by Congress last summer, and by now the amount earmarked for Korean rebuilding has risen to $630,000,000. A smaller amount was appropriated by the United Nations. To administer the aid, a complex international organization has been set up in Korea.

But there were hitches from the start. It took four months of strenuous negotiation for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency to sign an agreement that should have taken that many days. Today the relief work remains at a virtual standstill, while, according to American Intelligence in Seoul, Chinese relief supplies are pouring into North Korea, and the rehabilitation work there is in full swing.

The main hitch in the south is Rhee himself. All along he has regarded the billion-dollar American bounty as a sort of Eisenhower bribe for not wrecking the Korean armistice talks rather than as a carefully planned rehabilitation fund. Moreover, Washington has hoped to kill two birds with one gift—one by helping South Korea, the other by giving the ailing Japanese economy a transfusion of Korean relief orders. But Rhee is even more vehemently anti-Japanese than he is anti-Red. He sees Japan as an ever-present threat to his country, and he does not wish his "bribe" spent across the strait. More important than all these considerations is Rhee's insistence that he have the last word on the use of every relief penny. He wants no strings attached to the funds.

JUST what Rhee might have in his mind in the way of rehabilitation was reported last December by Representative Charles B. Brownson (R., Ind.), who visited Korea at the head of a Congressional investigating team. Instead of using the money for schools, hospitals, and civilian housing, Representative Brownson charged, South Korea was planning a super-highway, a chain of American-style motels, a new capitol building for Seoul, and oversized radio transmitters to carry South Korean propaganda. What especially incensed the Congressman was the fact that the U. N. planning staff was "spending all of its time" in work on the conversion of an office building into a luxury hotel at a cost of $2,000,000. The hotel would be "complete with bars, cocktail lounges, garden rooms, a starlight room, and a Western steak restaurant, all at the insistence of President Rhee." Rhee himself was delegated to explain that the hotel would cost $50,000 and not $2,000,000.

Yet whether the Congressional inquiry confirms the charges or not, some facts are indisputable. Official corruption in South Korea is on a fabulous scale, and it reaches both high and low levels. Among the beneficiaries are the rural police, who often collect and pocket "taxes," and members of Rhee's own political machine, who exact "voluntary assessments." Speculation is widespread, and despite American pleas almost nothing is being done to check the profiteering or the inflation.

To some Americans in Korea the scene presents a frightening resemblance to China in the last years of Kuomintang rule. There is the same autocratic



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rule, the same corruption, the same indifference to misery, and the same misuse of the American largess. And, one suspects, there will be the same reluctance in Washington to antagonize an Asiatic ally by checking up on how the American money is spent.

Rhee's shadow lies heavy over this unhappy landscape. He trusts no one, and no business is too petty to escape his attention. The Korean Treasury, for instance, is under orders to make no foreign-exchange allocations in excess of $500 without Rhee's personal permission. The Rhees are their own patronage dispensers. It is Rhee who makes foreign and economic policy and keeps up a prodigious flow of front-page statements. It is he who censors the country's press and wars on those American correspondents who file critical dispatches from Korea. (The American press, which prides itself on its concern for free speech, has somehow ignored the case of a prominent Korean editor executed last month on charges of Communist conspiracy. As it happened, the editor was critical of Rhee's regime and was allied closely with a rightist politician whose rivalry Rhee fears.) It is Rhee who watches the Assembly and the growing army, keeps tabs on the police lest some rival seize control of it, dabbles in intrigue, and receives American visitors.

THIS would be a heavy strain on a young man. Rhee is not young. At my first meeting with him, in October, 1946, I was told he was seventy-three years of age. Yet for the past three years his official biographers have frozen his age at seventy-eight. Non-official Korean sources believe he is around eighty-four. It is true he does not betray his age. His skin that looks like wrinkled parchment would probably look the same if he lived to be one hundred. His thin body is erect, and his mind is agile. Yet his age is beginning to catch up with him. He suffers from chronic insomnia and some of the ailments of old age. When he is sick, all high-level decisions cease—unless Mrs. Rhee takes over.

Not unnaturally, South Korean internal politics have developed into an ill-concealed struggle to see who will step into Rhee's shoes the day he dies. In his turn, Rhee has dedicated himself to eliminating all potential heirs. His means have ranged all the way from threats to, almost literally, the use of a baseball bat.

In 1952, when the hostile Assembly refused to reelect Rhee, he arrested a dozen Assemblymen on trumped-up charges of "plotting with the Communists" and had his hoodlums besiege the Assembly until it changed its mind. A former Premier, John Myun Chang, who hoped to replace Rhee, was forced to seek asylum at a United States army hospital. When the United States Information Service reported the event, Rhee took it off the air.

Last summer another hopeful, Chough Pyung Ok, publicly condemned Rhee's threat to walk out of the U. N. Command. As former chief of Rhee's police and home minister, Chough should have known better, but he apparently counted on United States and U. N. backing. The same night Rhee's "boys" hunted him out at his hideaway at a friend's home and pounded him into unconsciousness. When he recovered, Chough fled to a hospital forty miles away. Two nights later he was traced there by the military and charged with "inciting a public disturbance."

The latest victim is Lee Bum Suk, one of Asia's leading soldiers of fortune. Lee Bum Suk himself told me once he had led a Soviet cavalry brigade, served as an aide to Tai Li, Chiang Kai-shek's chief of secret police, and ended as an agent of the Office of Strategic Services, which deposited him in Korea just four days after Japan's surrender. With United States army help Lee began to set up terrorist youth bands and Nazi-patterned "schools for leaders," whose curriculum included the history of the Hitler *Jugend*. Eventually Lee became an ally of Rhee and served as Premier, Foreign Minister, and Minister of Defense.

Last summer Lee ran for the vice-presidency on Rhee's ticket. At the last moment Rhee apparently decided he did not want to be a heartbeat between Lee and the presidency and replaced Lee with a doddering oldster. In sorrow Lee journeyed to the United States and Germany. On his return to Seoul some weeks ago Lee found Rhee ready with the welcome. At a stormy meeting of the Liberal Party, Lee and his associates were summarily thrown out, and Lee's friends were purged from the Cabinet.

With all the potential heirs out of the way, the only powerful entity remaining in the picture today is the army. Physically, it alone can tackle Rhee and his machine. Thus far, however, it has stayed out of politics. The old man, though, is taking no chances. The other week he replaced the chief of staff and put his own man in the newly created post of *joint* chief of staff. The removed officer was said to be opposed to Rhee's plans for a march north at this time.

This, then, is the outline of politics as played in South Korea. The picture should provoke some thinking in Washington: Should Rhee die tomorrow, the country would witness a frantic scramble for power, and its outcome would be of importance to the United States. One of the possibilities is the seizure of power by the army, with an American-educated civilian for a figurehead. Does this offer hope to Korea? The generals are mostly young men who served in the Japanese army and topped their training with a hasty refresher in the United States. Their philosophy carries no seed of democracy. What they do have is faith in their twenty divisions and in a "Great Korea." Is such a junta what we want to succeed Rhee?

THERE are other questions that call for an agonizing reappraisal in Washington. It is plain that the State Department and the Pentagon have not yet decided jointly on the shape of the state they hope will emerge in South Korea. Is it to be a thorn in the sides of Russia and China? Thorns irritate, and the Communists might want to blunt them. Moreover, South Korea is irritating Japan no less than its Red neighbors.

Does Washington see in South Korea a fortress and a military springboard? How strong is a fortress whose population is hungry and resentful? Not many months have passed since war widows and bereaved families brought to Seoul for a memorial service turned against the Rhees and screamed insults at them. How much repressed anger was needed to provoke the riots of that day? And if Korea is to be a springboard, should not the Pentagon put a price tag on it? It cost $200,000,000 to set up, supply, and maintain for a year each of Rhee's divisions. The costs should be lower in the future, but they may still run up to a billion dollars a year—especially if Rhee's demand for an air force and a navy is met.

Is South Korea to become an anchor



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of a new Pacific defense system? Secretary Dulles says no; Rhee says yes. Last December, Rhee met Chiang Kai-shek to discuss such an anti-Red entente. Currently one of Rhee's aides is in Saigon with an offer of *South Korean military aid* to France and an alliance with the three Indo-China states. What will be Washington's position if Rhee is at least partially successful? And how useful will such an entente be to the United States if it excludes Japan or is perhaps hostile to that great country?

What will Washington do about the South Korean guerrilla war on Japan? Rhee and his generals agree that it is a toss-up whether Red China or Japan is to be their next antagonist. Rhee has in fact already established a "Rhee line" sixty miles beyond his shores, and scores of Japanese fishing vessels venturing inside it have been captured by his gunboats. The Japanese are incensed, and not unnaturally they demand to know why American warships given to Rhee are being used against Japan, which is also an American ally.

But perhaps the most thought-provoking question is provided by Mr. Dulles's two-month-old concept of massive retaliation against a Red attack. The policy has already been found wanting in Indo-China, where the Communists struck in Laos—with no American retaliation against Moscow or Peking. The next test of the policy may come in South Korea. The Geneva conference to discuss the causes of tension in Asia is due to open on April 26. According to Rhee, his 180-day deadline for the settlement of the Korean dispute expires on April 23. It is not impossible that Rhee may decide his hands are free and strike north. Would Washington let him sink? Would it supply him with arms and air support? Or would it—if he is defeated—resort to massive retaliation?

Many more such questions could be asked. All they do is show that if the Democrats erred in Asia, the Republicans have learned nothing from their blunders. For the tragedy of China, where the United States sought to combat communism through a feudal, corrupt, and decaying regime, is now being duplicated in South Korea. The likeness is frightening—from a dedicated "strong man" to the misuse of American money, a powerful lobby, and devoted friends on Capitol Hill. Mr. Dulles's dynamic and positive policy for Asia seems to yield even less happy results than that of his much-maligned predecessor.

# MARCH ON QUEBEC

## *by Sylvia Wiseman and Peter Scott*

*Montreal*

MAURICE DUPLESSIS, Premier of Quebec, likes to tell American industry about the "contented" and "non-ideological" nature of the labor force in the province, but in the light of recent events his boasts seem not too well grounded. Labor has staged a "march" on the capital to protest the passage of the government's labor legislation, and the two provincial federations—the C. C. L., or Canadian version of the C. I. O., and the C. C. C. L., or Catholic Syndicates—have shown a growing awareness of the need for united action. Political action of one sort or another is not unusual on the part of the "international" unions, but for the Catholic Syndicates it is a remarkable development.

The Catholic unions, which are confined almost entirely to the province of Quebec, are at present about 100,000 strong. Their history dates back to the beginning of this century. In 1900 a long and bitter strike and lockout in the city of Quebec was finally settled by the intervention of Archbishop Bégin. His decision, based on the papal encyclical Rerum Novarum, brought about the end of the strike but also marked the beginning of an entirely new kind of trade unionism.

The unions involved agreed to change their constitutions to accord with the social philosophy of the encyclical. They further consented to have a chaplain, named by the religious authorities, permanently attached to their organization and charged with seeing that no decisions adverse to Catholic principles were taken. There was no formal repudiation of the principle of religious neutrality—the unions recruited both Catholic and Protestant workers—until 1912, when a group of pulp workers in Chicoutimi completely accepted *la doctrine syndicale confessionnelle* by expelling their Protestant members.

From the beginning the organizing efforts of the Catholic Syndicates were contested by the international unions, which were unable, however, to make much headway against them, especially in the smaller urban and semi-rural centers. The "organizers" were often top members of the Catholic hierarchy, who "prepared the ground" by lecturing groups of workers on the religious, patriotic, and professional duties of the Catholic trade-unionist. The syndicates' appeal was twofold: they were Catholic, and they were strongly nationalistic. In most cases they were favored by the employers, who found them docile and "reasonable" in contrast to the more aggressive and militant internationals. The bitter charge of "company unionism" was hurled at the syndicates by the internationals over and over again. The Catholic leadership was avowedly less interested in the material than in the spiritual welfare of the workers. And political action was totally alien to its philosophy; indeed, there was a clause in the constitution of the C. C. C. L. which

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*Maurice Duplessis*

specifically forbade any of its officers to engage in political activity.

But these things are no longer true today. In 1942 the election of Gérard Picard as president in place of Alfred Charpentier, for years a leading lay spokesman for the church, and of Jean Marchand as secretary general, and the growing influence of the progressive leaders of the Dominican order brought about a fundamental change in policy. The bitter experiences of the Asbestos (Johns-Manville) and the Louiseville (textile) strikes, when for the first time the syndicates encountered the organized resistance of wealthy employers buttressed by the power of the state, left their mark on the leadership and on the rank and file. The asbestos workers who battled with the police and strike-breakers gained a view of the nature and function of a trade union very different from that sponsored by the eminent Monseigneur Bégin in 1900. When the Shawinigan convention of the syndicates in 1951 voted to amend the constitutional proscription of political action, it was expressing the leaders' growing recognition of political realities.

It should not be assumed, however, that the syndicates are now indistinguishable from the internationals. The nationalistic note is still strongly sounded. As recently as last October, President Picard termed the internationals "a form of colonialism that keeps the workers under American domination." In the outlying rural parishes of Quebec the parish priest is still recruiting for the syndicates from the pulpit. The leadership of the syndicates is still unable to support wholeheartedly a federal Fair Employment Practices Act, for discrimination on religious grounds is even today written into the constitutions of some local unions.

NEVERTHELESS, the syndicates joined the C. C. L. last month in a huge protest demonstration against two bills which had just been railroaded through the provincial legislature. Bill 19, in effect, would empower the Quebec Labor Relations Board to decertify a union if any of its officers were judged by the board to adhere to a Communist "doctrine," "party," or "movement." (These are nowhere defined.) Only five days' notice need be given by the board before rendering a decision, and any judicial review is prohibited by law. Bill 20 would give the board these same powers against any union *some* of whose members strike while employed in any public service—for example, school teachers or streetcar operators. To satisfy some outstanding grudges, Duplessis made Bill 20 retroactive to 1944, which excludes from judicial review certain cases now before the courts. One of these is the case of the Alliance of Catholic School Teachers of Montreal, led by Leo Guindon. The Quebec Labor Relations Board, at Duplessis' bidding, decertified this union in 1949 without a hearing. Its action has since been ruled illegal by the Supreme Court of Canada, and Bill 20 would exclude the matter, at present *sub judice,* from the competence of the courts.

The leaders of the three trade-union groups in the province—the Q. F. L., the C. C. L., and the Catholic Syndicates—reacted immediately to the proposed legislation by submitting separate resolutions of protest. But both bills were quickly passed in the lower house. Thus the trade-union movement was challenged either to acquiesce or to embark upon some form of political demonstration against the new measures.

It chose the latter course and laid plans for a protest meeting in Quebec on January 22 of this year. Motorcades and special busses were to bring in delegates from every corner of the province, thus indicating the new dynamism of working-class opinion outside the large urban centers. A special train of thirteen coaches was to come from Montreal.

The timorous foresaw trouble, especially after the city chief of police announced that no permission to parade would be granted. (How over a thousand unionists were to get from the station to the meeting hall, he declined to say.) At the last minute the Q. F. L. withdrew, thereby earning the dubious reward of Duplessis' public commendation. But despite this, the meeting was a complete success. Quebec's largest auditorium overflowed with a crowd of 3,000 of whom 600 had traveled in the "union train" from Montreal. C. C. L. and Catholic Syndicate workers found themselves standing together for the first time in history.

The speeches not only declared that Bills 19 and 20 would never be accepted by trade unions but emphasized the importance of this new-found solidarity. Nobody won more applause than Jean Marchand, secretary of the C. C. C. L., when he scored the unions' past failure to speak out with a single voice. This failure, he said, explained the present threat to the unions' rights and also the vast political corruption of the province. If this night's action marked the beginning of a new unity of purpose, the workers could at last assume their proper civic role. Their interests could then be represented at Quebec and no longer be submerged in the "beer-and-whiskey" politics of the old parties.

SUCH WAS the *Marche sur Québec.* The question now is: was it simply an isolated demonstration of unity, or did it mark the beginning of a fundamental change in Quebec politics? The C. C. L. leadership is fully convinced of the need for continuing political action and hopes to see growing support for a labor-oriented third party. Until now the Catholic Syndicate leaders have been willing openly to support only one or two Liberal Party candidates in strong pro-syndicate districts, although they have spoken out against the government party in other areas. Within the Liberal Party itself there is a small group sympathetic to labor which receives no support from the party machine.

The next provincial election may well see a realignment of forces and a lessening of emphasis on the issue of cultural autonomy. If this is so, then the events of these past few weeks have marked a turning point in the labor history of the province.



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# THE SOVIET PRESS

## And the Berlin Story . . *by Alexander Werth*

*Paris*

THE Russians certainly took the Berlin conference seriously; Russian papers gave it nearly two full pages every day—50 per cent of their space. In the West these reports were denounced as "tendentious": Molotov was quoted very fully and the others only briefly. But what paper in the West gave an equal amount of space to all the four Ministers? I would say that compared with most Western papers the Soviet press supplied a much more complete account of Berlin, and that the Russian reader could hardly help knowing what the discussion was about. I am not so sure that that could be said of most Western readers.

Mr. Handler of the New York *Times* voiced the discontent of the American correspondents with the "briefings" by Mr. Dulles's press officers, who, he said dished out propaganda instead of giving the press anything like a fair or accurate account of Molotov's arguments. That the British officials also did their best to put across the idea that the conference was a waste of time was indicated by the correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* as early as February 7: "There is little hope left of moving the Russians, and the problem of the West now is how to disengage from the conference without seeming to be responsible for its failure."

What, one may ask, did the Russians really hope to accomplish when they went to Berlin? It seems pretty clear that they did not expect to be faced by such a united three-power front. They had attached great importance to French hesitations and thought that these hesitations would to some extent be reflected in the attitude of M. Bidault, despite his own liking for the E. D. C. Whatever line Bidault took on the E. D. C., he was expected to subscribe wholeheartedly to Molotov's five-power proposal.

For a week or so Molotov tried to make the most of what he thought to be differences between Bidault and Eden on the one hand and Dulles on the other. Then he realized that there was nothing doing. After that the Russian press used an increasingly acid tone toward Bidault. It went out of its way to demonstrate by quotations from the French press and from speeches by Gaullist deputies that there was a "gulf" between Bidault and "the great majority of French opinion," and *Pravda* even quoted a story to the effect that Bidault had entreated Blankenhorn, the head of the Bonn delegation, to have the West German press "stop singing his [Bidault's] praises," since this was "going to make it very embarrassing for him on his return to Paris."

It was clear from the Russian papers that Molotov's chief aim at Berlin was to prevent the E. D. C., while that of Dulles was to make it "inevitable." The European army, daughter of that Nazi Wehrmacht which nearly destroyed Russia—for it was touch and go in 1941, as Molotov has almost openly admitted—was obviously Russia's nightmare. There could be peace in the world for many, many years, Molotov argued, but for this one thing. And day after day the Soviet press embroidered on two themes: (1) the E. D. C. is the starting-point for a revival of German militarism; (2) whether the European army contains twelve or twenty German divisions and whether or not it is encouraged by the Americans, it will be a terrible menace to European peace.

Hence Molotov's desperate attempts to propose some alternative: the unification of Germany, without of course its "integration" in the West; a referendum giving the German people the choice between unification and integration—the Russians obviously believe that most Germans, for the present at least, are more interested in unity; a European Security Treaty; the revival and reinforcement of the Britain-France-Russian triangle—anything, in short, rather than the European army. But the Russians soon realized that the American military command was determined to have the German, or "European," army at its disposal, just in case America desired, in order to prevent a "slump" or for other reasons, to turn the heat on Russia. The Russians are also extremely conscious of the growing influence of the *revanchard* elements in West Germany.

Russia and the West kept accusing each other in Berlin of "not having enough confidence in the German people," and comically enough the accusation was justified in both cases. The Russians would not trust the Germans with free elections; the West would not trust them with the referendum. As for the Eden plan with its free elections, the Russians dismissed it as a piece of "parliamentary formalism." The whole problem of European security, they said, should not be subordinated to this free German vote, which would moreover, be strongly influenced by the "trusts."

The question of free elections was an extremely awkward one for the Russians, since they could not very well admit, in view of their relations with East Germany, that they considered the Germans no more politically mature than the French considered, say, the Moroccans. Molotov, however, clearly hinted at Ger-

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man political immaturity when he referred to the perfectly "free" 1932 election, followed less than six months later by Hitler's perfectly "legal" seizure of power. In short, Molotov was not at all sure about the basic pacifism of the German people.

To the Russians, there seemed to be one real chance of keeping the Germans quiet, and that was by offering them unity. The Soviet press did not fail to draw attention to a recent resolution of the Social Democrats of West Germany saying that Molotov represented a country that, apart from the United States, was the most powerful in the world, and that whether one liked the Russian proposals or not, some notice of them must be taken by those who wanted German unity restored. Dulles and the others, the resolution said, were much more interested in integration than in unity.

Since the Western powers would not hear of the referendum, the Russians' one hope was the refusal of the French to ratify the E. D. C. But as the conference plodded on, they saw that the whole pressure of British-American-Bonn propaganda was directed at convincing the French that, in view of Russian "obstruction," France no longer had any choice. The Russians are therefore no longer so sure of France as they once were. This largely explains their "negative" attitude on Austria. In addition, the *Anschluss* tendencies of Figl and other Austrian leaders, which the Russian press has been harping on for some time, offer the prospect of an "integrated" West Germany being extended to Austria before very long.

The attitude of Mr. Eden, who had often said that peace in Europe was secure "so long as Britain and Russia were on the same side," has naturally disappointed the Russians, too. What a distance between Eden's conformism at Berlin and Churchill's speech of last May 11! Is not *that* Churchill, they ask, now merely a ghost? And is not British policy being shaped by the Conservative Central Office, with its Chamberlainite and pro-German traditions, and by the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, who from the beginning went out of their way to debunk the Old Man's "fancies"? The feeling in both Russia and France seems to be that Dulles won in Berlin all along the line.

# YOU'RE THE SPONSOR

## Of Unique Station KPFA . . *by Eric St. Clair*

*Berkeley*

KPFA in Berkeley, the listener-sponsored station, is something entirely new. It is an experiment in a new kind of radio programming supported in a new way—by subscriptions from listeners. The KPFA staff respects the listener. They look upon him as intelligent and adult, give him the best in music, literature, and drama, and let him hear freely expressed opinions on controversial subjects. The question is: does this listener think highly enough of KPFA to pay ten dollars a year toward the station's support? KPFA doesn't yet know the answer, but it means to find out.

KPFA started broadcasting in the spring of 1949 with a 250-watt transmitter. It had taken three years to raise the money for this modest beginning, and there was not enough to carry the enterprise through the first period of slow growth. After fifteen months of operation, the station was forced to close. Those fifteen months, however, had shown what a really free radio might be like, and having tasted the sample, the listeners wanted more. So another money-raising campaign was begun. On May 19, 1951, KPFA came back on the air, this time with a much stronger signal, 16,100 watts, and with rather more cash in reserve. It has been broadcasting ever since.

The station is still not self-supporting —that is, supported solely by subscriptions as its sponsors wish it to be. About half its total income has come from grants made by the Fund for Adult Education, an independent organization set up by the Ford Foundation, and by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. These grants were made so that KPFA might have three years in which to prove that listener sponsorship, once set up, would be capable of supporting a free radio station. They will be exhausted by the end of 1954.

Members of the staff hold different opinions about the prospects for success, but on the whole they are guardedly optimistic. The subscription list has crossed the 3,000 mark, and the renewal rate is better than two-thirds. New subscriptions are coming in at the rate of around thirty a week.

But consider these figures. Of the 3,000 current subscribers, 2,000 will renew. Add approximately 1,500 new names, and there will be around 3,500 subscribers next year, after the grants have run out. At $10 a piece that means $35,000. But it costs about $70,000 to operate the station for a year. The outlook, therefore, does not seem too bright. KPFA, however, is never static, and the gap between income and costs may be narrowed to a manageable figure. Perhaps the cost of operation can be reduced. The whole financial structure of the station is being reviewed with this aim in mind. Perhaps new subscribers will be gained at a much faster rate than at present. One-minute appeals for subscriptions delivered two or three times a day by staff members have been found extremely effective and will undoubtedly be used more extensively. Another scheme which can be expected to yield excellent results is the listener party—a subscriber invites his friends to hear

*ERIC ST. CLAIR is a writer for magazines and radio.*



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programs and to meet one or two staff members. It is a tribute to KPFA's kind of radio that the best time to sell subscriptions seems to be while the prospect is actually hearing what he is being asked to buy.

KPFA HAS recently overcome a difficulty that had kept many would-be subscribers from signing up—the scarcity of good FM receivers. FM came on the electronic scene just before TV developed its great popularity; in consequence manufacturers stopped making FM sets, and the number of sets on the market dwindled to the vanishing point. KPFA now offers to subscribers an excellent tuner at the reasonable price of $40. Several large department stores have had sales of FM sets with which they threw in a subscription to KPFA.

Another large group of potential subscribers has just been opened up to KPFA—the 8,000 well-to-do families who live in the Berkeley hills. In mid-February KPFA set up an auxiliary transmitter beamed directly toward the hills, eliminating the distorted reflection that kept the area outside the station's range.

So much for the immediate prospects. In the remote future there is the possibility of the station getting AM facilities and an AM channel. Everybody has an AM set.

If these hopeful plans do not work out, there remains the crisis technique. This has been used in the past with outstanding success. On occasion the staff has remained on the air until two or three o'clock in the morning, sworn not to sign off until enough pledges came in to let the station keep on operating. The threat of no more KPFA brings in the subscriptions like magic. The objection to this technique is that it gives people the impression that the station is tottering—that people are being asked to make a donation to a worthy cause rather than to buy a year of excellent programs. It draws heavily on the future, too. After a lively crisis party the subscription rate drops well below normal for several weeks.

If worst comes to worst, another grant might be negotiated to carry the station for a while longer, but nobody at KPFA wants that. They want the station to be supported by its listeners.

Meanwhile, production goes on just as if there were always going to be a KPFA. In its informality the studio is much like a "little theater" run by gifted amateurs. As a staff member put it, "Our programs are consistently the best that are being broadcast in America today; where we fall down is on production." It is true that the production often lacks the slick polish of a big commercial station. Programs start late; they run over their allotted time by fifteen or twenty minutes; the equipment—some of which is held together by the sheer genius of the engineers—breaks down; but what matters—the staff believes—is the content of the programs. KPFA puts on the air things that for one reason or another few other radio stations broadcast.

Its recorded concerts, for example, are not restricted to symphonies or the big works. The music director has the whole of recorded music to choose from, having access to several large private collections as well as to the university music library and to record dealers' shelves. He broadcasts songs, sonatas, chamber music, concertos, complete operas, oratorios, from every period of musical history. The commentator panel is selected to cover the entire political spectrum from left to right. No commentator is censored in any way—frequently nobody hears his speech before the broadcast except the engineer who records it—but one stipulation is made: the speaker must be expressing his own opinions and be willing to stand behind them.

Others besides the panel commentators can air their views. School teachers talk over their problems. A group of intelligent youngsters question a biochemist from the university for the benefit of KPFA's children's hour. Visiting or local writers read their own works. Attorneys discuss constitutional law; architects tell of recent developments in their field. Representative Robert Condon, finding himself defamed, spoke in his own defense over KPFA after the commercial stations had refused him time to do so.

More performances by live musicians are perhaps broadcast over KPFA than over any other station in the United States. There are performances by professionals, by talented young amateurs, by folk-jazz enthusiasts. Concerts of the Little Symphony Orchestra in Berkeley are frequently put on the air.

Children hear stories read and told. Sometimes they hear themselves; they can be studio guests on a program that is recorded and then broadcast a few days later. They can send stories or verses to KPFA to be read over the Workshop program. Often there are full-scale dramatic productions for them.

Every two weeks KPFA mails to subscribers its publication, *Folio,* which lists in detail the programs that are going to be broadcast. Of course anyone, subscriber or not, who has an FM set can hear the programs. At least he can now. By the end of this year KPFA may not exist any more. It is on trial before a jury of its peers, the listeners, and the verdict is still in the balance.

## Typical KPFA Evening Program

**5:00 First Concert**

BEETHOVEN • Consecration of the House, Overture (London Philharmonic-van Beinum)

SCHUBERT • Der hausliche Krieg (Akademie Kammerchor, Vienna Symphony Orch.-Grossmann)

**6:10 Miscellany**

**6:20 Voices of Europe:** Milton Mayer speaks with two pacifists—Kaspar Mayr in Austria, and Jan Linzel in Holland. (NAEB)

**6:50 Classical Music of India:** Vocal and instrumental recordings, selected and discussed by E. A. Srinivasan of the Consulate General of India. First in a series of programs.

**7:20 Way Beyond the West:** A series of talks by Alan Watts, author and Asian scholar.

**7:50 Golden Voices:** Selected and annotated by Anthony Boucher. Marcel Journet, bass (1867-1933) Unfamiliar arias from French operas.

**8:20 Architecture:** The role of architecture in the social order, discussed by a group of Bay Area architects. Third program.

**8:50 Report to the Listeners**

**9:00 Second Concert**

STRAUSS • Horn concerto #1, Eb major (Brain, Philharmonia Orch. Galliera)

ORFF • Carmina Burana (Troetschel, Braun, Bavarian Radio Orch.-Jochum)

**10:30 The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas:** An introduction and a reading from her book "The Sacred Oasis" by Irene Vangehr Vincent.



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# BOOKS

## A Living Portrait

*THE HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.* By John Dos Passos. Doubleday and Company. $5.

*THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.* Volume VIII: 25 February to 31 October 1785. Edited by Julian P. Boyd; Mina R. Bryan and Elizabeth L. Hutter, Associate Editors. Princeton University Press. $10.

### By George Genzmer

FOR ten years or longer it has been known that Mr. Dos Passos was at work on a study of Jefferson. His long-awaited book is a biography that carries its protagonist from his boyhood in the Virginia back country to the end of his term of service in Washington's Cabinet. This is the portion of Jefferson's life that has been canvassed most often in recent years. It takes courage to tell the story once again, and uncommon resourcefulness to justify the telling. Mr. Dos Passos has brought it off triumphantly.

He has put more of his talents into this book than into any of his others. On this occasion the poet, the student of painting and architecture, the observant traveler, the analyst of the interaction of state, society, and individual, and the documentary novelist have collaborated on a biography that is notably vivid, pictorial, sympathetic, and original.

"The Head and Heart" gains much of its freshness from what has been added to the traditional account, and some from what has been left out. This is not, like Dumas Malone's biography, a detailed consecutive record of Jefferson's political activity. Achievement is subordinated to character, much as in Albert Jay Nock's little masterpiece of a generation ago, although the method of presentation is wholly different. Some of the omissions are bold. The Declaration of Independence flits past while one turns a page, and Jefferson's last period of service in the Continental Congress, richly significant as it was, drops out of the story altogether. Yet this impressionistic method succeeds. Jefferson lives in these pages.

So too does many another man, for Mr. Dos Passos knows that men not only act together but act on each other, that personality is the product of personality. He shows how English politicians and Scotch professors helped to create the intellectual atmosphere of colonial America and so helped to form the mind of Thomas Jefferson. The elder Pitt, John Wilkes, and Francis Hutcheson are a part of the pattern, as well as Franklin, Adams, Madison, and Hamilton, all of whom are brilliantly portrayed.

Especially happy is his treatment of William Small, Jefferson's great teacher at the College of William and Mary. Biographers have neglected him, perhaps because his influence on his pupil was not political. The notion that Jefferson is genuinely important only as a political leader has been a long time a-dying. It has hitherto been standard practice to express one's regret that "so little is known about this remarkable man" and then adjourn to the club for another round of bridge. Mr. Dos Passos went to the library. We have now heard the last—and high time—of a traditional figure, the obscure Doctor Small, a somewhat elderly bachelor, sentimentally lavishing on his more promising pupils his pent-up paternal affections. He was actually twenty-five years old when Jefferson first entered his classroom. Mr. Dos Passos has filled out his account of him, both before and after his sojourn in Williamsburg, with sufficient detail to make him a distinct personage.

Mr. Dos Passos is at his best in showing how a disciplined imagination can throw a bridge across the gaps left by documentary sources. This, of course, is something quite different from the little dabs of fiction that get into even the most serious biographies. His passages on the conversations between Fauquier, Wythe, Small, and Jefferson at the Governor's dinner parties, on Jefferson's youthful visit to Philadelphia and New York just before he entered on the business of life, and on his various travels in Europe, for example, are extraordinarily good. Mr. Dos Passos has won a high rank among Jefferson's biographers.

WITH VOLUME VIII of "The Papers" Professor Boyd and his colleagues have driven their railhead forward by eight months to the close of October, 1785. Jefferson was in Paris or its vicinity. The treaty with Prussia was concluded. John Adams went to London, Franklin returned home to Philadelphia, and Jefferson entered hopefully and energetically on his duties as American Minister to France. He soon made his first move against the Barbary pirates. He began, with much trepidation, to send copies of his "Notes on Virginia" to favored persons, and before long the book would begin to enhance his reputation in France. His young friend William Short became his private secretary, and at the end of October Jefferson moved to the elegance and comfort of the Hôtel de Langeac, his permanent residence in Paris.

The historian may leaf through this particular volume rapidly, appreciative of its convenience but not especially concerned, for outward events are few and unexciting. The student of Jefferson will read slowly, watching for every least clue to Jefferson's thought, for he was now entering one of the decisive periods of his life. He was acclimated and adjusted to his new environment, and on his own. Impressions were crowding in on him, and his mind was working at increasing speed. One indication is the marked improvement in the style of his private letters. For the rest of his stay in France he would be a great letter-writer.

A note filling three closely printed pages—characteristic of the precise and solid work of the editors—dissipates the mystery that has surrounded one Charles Williamos, probably an informer, who was for some time a member of Jefferson's ménage, then left, and then died. He was nobody, but it is gratifying to one's curiosity to know at last just what kind of nobody. Jefferson's letter, his letter, and the editors' note make it clear. Another editorial note on forms of address is a spoonful of salt in the mouths of some historical novelists, who asked for it. And a letter from his old Albemarle friend, James Currie, casts a little welcome light on Jefferson the

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chess player—a phase of his activities not sufficiently known. There is much more, and much perhaps of more importance, in these seven hundred handsomely printed, magisterially edited pages, the reading of which is a constant delight to both the eye and the mind.

# Tolstoy's View of History

*THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX.* By Isaiah Berlin. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

**By Leon Edel**

WHEN I was inducted into the army and given a month's furlough, I went off to a quiet spot in search of a moment of peace before my initiation into the arts of war. Peace, of course, was a relative word at the time: one couldn't shut out the radio or avert one's head from the newspapers. That I should have picked up Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as my month's reading seems to me now wholly understandable. I had never somehow gone beyond the opening pages, and it was indeed time that I should leave Anna Pavlovna Scherer's hospitable drawing-room. Beside incredible seascapes and mocking calm skies I plunged into Tolstoy's world and was pulled forward irresistibly.

In the sharp, visual world of the book, where, in Isaiah Berlin's image, Tolstoy is a fox, seeing with the utmost reality the minute life that flows around us, I found myself absorbed in particular by those passages dealing with history, historians, freedom of the will, and the historio-military mind. I had been told by other admirers of the novel to skip these pages; they impeded the march of the story. I found them fascinating; there were moments when it seemed to me *they* were the novel. Perhaps this was because of the pressure in one's mind of one's personal history at the moment: a civilian on the verge of becoming a soldier could indeed speculate about determinism and wonder what strange concatenation of forces called "historical" had brought him, one of millions, to the moment of donning a uniform. Life was a chaos. One could hardly avoid seeing that in a world at war in spite of ordered landscape and timeless skies. Historians try to reduce this chaos to a precise and neat order. How right Tolstoy seemed in believing that such history could only be distortion and falsity, given the multiplicity of things! A battle was no ordered advance, however much the generals might think so. Two forces, each moving "according to plan," collide and there is no plan. The result is what Fabrice saw at Waterloo and Andrei at Austerlitz. I lingered over Tolstoy's discussion of the crossing of the Beresina and his attempt to discover what that precise moment meant in determining the Napoleonic débâcle. It made one search for one's personal Beresina, and there seemed no way of knowing where it had occurred.

And so, many months later, watching a column of tanks move across Normandy, or glimpsing Charles de Gaulle on the road to Paris, or during that cold winter listening to the shells bursting in Strasbourg, there would come to me suddenly with the vision of seascape and blue sky, not the story of Andrei, or the long pilgrimage of Pierre, but those luminous passages in which Tolstoy looked at history and found no resemblance between its pages and man's disorder.

ISAIAH BERLIN'S essay has brought these memories back to me, and I relate them only because, in a sense, I carried Tolstoy's view of history through certain history-charged months of 1944 and 1945 and felt deeply what might otherwise have remained for me so many abstractions buried in a novel. What is important in this essay by an Oxford professor of philosophy and an erstwhile diplomat in Washington and Moscow is not so much his lucid exposition of Tolstoy's discussion of determinism as the way in which he leads us, by the aid of this discussion, to a deeper understanding of the ambiguities within the personality of the Russian master himself.

He takes a very neat generalization—which he wisely does not force too hard—as the frame for his study. "The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing," wrote Archilocus, a Greek poet. Mr. Berlin's thesis is that Tolstoy was a fox "bitterly intent upon seeing in the manner of a hedghog." He quarrels with the historians because they overlooked the parts in trying to see the whole. But he too wanted to discover an order, a rule, a design. And yet his fox's eyes denied him the *integritas.* Mr. Berlin suggests this in another way in his epigraph, by quoting Melchior de Vogüé's characterization of Tolstoy: "A queer combination of the brain of an English chemist with the soul of an Indian Buddhist."

Illuminating in particular are those pages in which Mr. Berlin, following in the steps of Emile Haumont, the eminent student of Franco-Russian cultural relations, shows how the ideas of the French Catholic diplomat, Joseph de Maistre, "the Voltaire of reaction," impressed

*LEON EDEL is the author of "Henry James: The Untried Years."*


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Tolstoy and were assimilated by him into the pages of his great novel.

Despite their deep dissimilarity and indeed violent opposition to one another [writes Mr. Berlin] Tolstoy's skeptical realism and Maistre's dogmatic authoritarianism are blood brothers. For both spring from an agonized belief in a single serene vision, in which all problems are resolved, all doubts stilled, peace and understanding finally achieved. Deprived of this vision, they devoted all their formidable resources from their very different, and indeed often incompatible, positions to the elimination of all possible adversaries and critics of it.

Tolstoy "could not avoid seeing what he saw and doubting even that," writes Mr. Berlin in his final paragraph, ". . . and he died in agony, oppressed by the burden of his intellectual infallibility and his sense of perpetual moral error." One cannot resist quoting the rest of the peroration:

At once insanely proud and filled with self-hatred, omniscient and doubting everything, cold and violently passionate, contemptuous and self-abasing, tormented and detached, surrounded by an adoring family, by devoted followers, by the admiration of the entire civilized world, and yet almost wholly isolated, he is the most tragic of the great writers, a desperate old man, beyond human aid, wandering self-blinded at Colonus.

This essay is an admirable excursion into comparative literature, as it is into the philosophy of history and the psychology of a great writer. And in bringing to the foreground Tolstoy's neglected quarrel with the historians Mr. Berlin makes us speculate whether, on the same ground, we might not quarrel with the biographers who see lives as chronologies rather than intensities, and with the philosophic unifiers who forget, in their pursuit of the whole, the diversity of the parts. The dichotomies here revealed are those which were equally apparent, on other ground, in the Symbolist revolt against the Naturalists, which has brought us in our time to a less compulsive "relativistic" view—and the sense that the only temporal and spatial historical order that ever can be achieved lies within the boundaries of the individual mind.

# New Books in Brief

## Strange Heretic.

*SAMUEL BUTLER. THE INCARNATE BACHELOR.* By Philip Henderson. Indiana. $3.75.

Samuel Butler is one of those writers pretty sure to be more read about than read—which is another way of saying that the most interesting thing about him was himself. Even "The Way of All Flesh" is more pamphlet than novel, and everything else that he wrote was more influential than permanently rewarding. But was there ever a human being so entirely made up of quips, cranks, strange notions, stubborn heresies, irreducible angularities, and general fractiousness? Thanks largely to Festing Jones, whom Mr. Henderson pleasantly describes as a "pensioned Boswell," there is no lack of documentation, and almost too many books have been written. Nevertheless, the present one is welcome for the very reason that it is short as well as shrewd and vivid. In fact, a more revealing or, what would be more remarkable, more convincing quick portrait is hard to imagine. Butler was naive as well as original, fantastically limited as well as multifarious, and it is no easy task to make him credible. That Darwin was wrong, that the Odyssey was written by a woman, and that Handel made all other composers unnecessary are only a few of his intransigent opinions. Everybody knows how large a debt Shaw acknowledged. Butler's opinion of Shaw is not so well known: "He did nothing but cry down Handel and cry up Wagner. I did not like him and I am sure that neither did he like me."

## Much Made of Little

*IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL.* By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Doubleday. $3.50.

Seldom has a man made so much of so little as Dr. Gogarty, who has parlayed a slight talent and the luck of having known James Joyce into a long list of published books and a reasonable facsimile of fame. His latest "unpremeditated autobiography" is a collection of casual reminiscences, crotchety observations, and fleeting glimpses of Yeats, Moore, James Stephens, Plunkett, Dun-



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sany, A. E., and other well-worn Dublin characters. In method, but only in method, the book suggests a slighter, lighter "Hail and Farewell."

### Animals of New York City

*UNSEEN LIFE OF NEW YORK AS A NATURALIST SEES IT.* By William Beebe. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York; Little, Brown, Boston. $4.

Staying home for a change, Dr. Beebe considers the natural history, past and present, of the metropolitan area. Both before and since the last time a glacier buried it under ice a lot of spectacular animals have made it their home—twelve-foot crocodile-like reptiles on the Palisades; ground sloths many millenniums later; saber-toothed tigers, mastodons, and woolly mammoths; more recently, even since the days of white settlement, wolves, bison, and pumas. Probably most people will be surprised to learn that representatives of all but one of the twelve great phyla of animate creatures are today living wild within the Bronx Park area. But most of them have survived because man is not aware that they are there. The majority of those that are left fall into one or another of Dr. Beebe's ingenious classifications—Too Small to Be Seen, Too Disguised to Be Seen, Too Dark to Be Seen, etc.

# Art

## S. Lane Faison, Jr.

AS THE refurbished Metropolitan successively unfolds, it is my intention to use the occasion to reflect on the relation of past arts to the present and upon the function of museums in shaping the modern spirit. Besides, the time available for visiting the galleries coincided, to a considerable extent, with endings rather than openings of current exhibitions.

What used to be the Hall of Armor, at the rear of the ground floor, is now the setting of one of the finest collections of medieval sculpture in existence, and among the few that can be said to be finer, the display at the Cloisters should probably be included. Taken together, the two collections challenge the Louvre, no less, in the field of French Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, and considerably surpass it in work from other parts of medieval Europe. That such statements can be made is a tribute to the taste of donors whose names are sufficiently acknowledged on the museum labels to require no further listing here. Less well understood are the years of expert and energetic work put in by the curators of the Department of Medieval Art of the Metropolitan, especially the late Joseph Breck and his very able successor, James J. Rorimer. If there is any truth in Malraux's challenging remark, made in New York some weeks ago, that the museums are the cathedrals of America, then the curators—the people who do the work that precedes the decision to buy, who are in the final analysis responsible for the quality of what is exhibited, who frequently steer donors into daring and unpopular fields of interest—the curators are, so to speak, the Abbot Sugers of our modern edifices. Arresting as Malraux's idea of the museum without walls may be, the true value of such a museum implies a wide experience with original works of art—in short, a museum with very substantial walls indeed. Part of the value of "The Voices of Silence," it seems to me, lies in its impulsion to inspect examples in all their uniqueness, and thereby to supply the context for the sensationally enlarged photographic detail. To put it in the words of Professor John McAndrew of Wellesley College, the *Musée Imaginaire,* Malraux's own title for Museum Without Walls, implies the Unimaginary Museum, including all its modern apparatus.

The newly installed medieval galleries provide a sweep of some of man's most precious work from the fall of Rome to the fall of Constantinople. To the degree that art derives from other art rather than directly from nature, here is a kind of dictionary for the artist. Delacroix called nature such a dictionary, and we may extend the idea to the collection great in quality as well as quantity. On the whole, the Romanesque and pre-Romanesque forms appear to have greater cogency today than Gothic forms, but prediction is worthless when even a bad cut in a journal after a portrait by El Greco can help Cézanne deflect his art into radically new directions.

As far as the actual installation goes, one can laud the clarity of presentation, the discreet but not blinding light, the subtle backgrounds of low-keyed color that never compete with the intrinsic quality of the work itself. The tapestry hall that precedes the great hall of sculpture provides its own orchestration of color, pattern, and texture. Off it a new treasure room shows the rare ivories, enamels, and goldsmith work. Here a more daring scheme might have been ventured. The two great cathedral treas-


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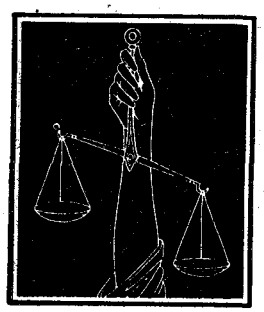
# The Trial & the Error



**trial and error.** A finding out the best way to reach a desired result. a correct solution, or the like, by trying out one or more ways and means, and by noting and eliminating errors or causes of failure; sometimes, a trying this and that until something succeeds.

**—Websters New International Dictionary (Second Edition)**

***The Trial Will Be Ours . . .***

***. . . The Error Will Be Theirs***

## This is the Trial:

WITHIN the next few weeks Hugh Bryson, 39-year-old President of the National Union of Marine Cooks & Stewards, oldest maritime union on the West Coast, will go on trial in Washington.

The "crime": alleged falsification of his Taft-Hartley "non-communist" affidavit. The purpose of the law and the purpose of the affidavit are identical: *to split and destroy unions and deny them collective bargaining rights.*

The McCarthyite forces in our country have tried out many ways to *"reach a desired result":* to break unions which refuse to accept the prevailing pattern of intimidation and conformity.

In the use of the "perjury" indictment they think they have found *"the best way"* to reach it. They have tried *"this and that,"* and if this one succeeds they will have found *a way to deny to union members the right to elect officers of their own choosing,* to represent them and fight for *their* civil liberties: wages, hours and conditions, and the right to petition for redress of grievances.

Bryson was the first leader of a national union to be indicted. He will not be the last.

## This is the Error:

WHAT the McCarthyites have forgotten is what reactionaries everywhere forget—*the people.* Having contempt for the people they under-estimate their understanding and their willingness to fight for decency and freedom.

*"Trying this and that until something succeeds"* may bring results for them, but it also brings a reaction, as the forces of oppression have learned *in every age and in every nation on the face of the earth.*

The tide of opposition to Red-baiting, hysteria and slander *is rising in America today.* More and more of our people are coming to understand what the McCarthyites want and how they propose to get it.

Whenever a fighter for civil liberties and an expanded democracy goes on trial, *all of us go on trial.* Whatever happens to him, happens to us as well. That is why Bryson's trial is *our trial and his fate will affect us all.*

The old slogan of the labor movement is profoundly true: AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL.

***Unless You Want the Trial to Be* Theirs *and the Error* Ours, *You Will Lend What Support You Can to This Fight to Defeat the Latest Frame-Up of a Militant American Labor Leader. . . .***

---

**PROTEST to Attorney-General Herbert J. Brownell. Ask him to drop Bryson's indictment and quash the case.**

**CONTRIBUTE to Marine Cooks & Stewards Defense Committee, 86 Commercial Street, San Francisco 11, California.**

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uries of the world are, I suppose, those of Cologne and Aachen; not the least of their impact depends on a ground of deep red and royal purple velvet, respectively. The scale at the Metropolitan is of course much greater, but the sense of sumptuousness which these arts were intended to communicate has not been completely captured. We should beware lest the Unimaginary Museum become too antiseptic.

A series of Renaissance galleries has also been opened, but as the coverage of this field is less spectacular and the arts of the Baroque period will become accessible in the next reopening, comment will be reserved for a later occasion.

For sheer display technique the reader is referred to the exhibition, current at the Museum of Modern Art, of the ancient arts of the Andes. The relationship of these forms to contemporary art is closer than is the case with medieval art, all things considered. From the smallest gold ornament to the largest sculpture or textile, each object projects with the greatest clarity. One sees them as never before, and if that is true, then the museum is accomplishing its true function.

The same cannot be said for a two-hundred-year survey of American painting, upstairs in the south wing of the Metropolitan. The pictures are there but clearly no great thought was taken as to their impact, item by item. Something will have to be done to break up these vast chambers into units that can be assimilated by the human mind. Even large pictures get lost here.

# Music

## B. H. Haggin

MOST of us get nothing out of Japanese music; but Japanese painting and sculpture make exciting sense to us, even if not the sense they must make to the Japanese; and this is true also of the highly formalized and ritualized dances presented by the Azuma Kabuki Dancers who are here for a tour sponsored by Prince Takamatsu and the Japanese Foreign Ministry. The mask-like make-ups and sculptured magnificence of costume contribute to the powerful effect of the stylized movements in some of the dances; and in others the movements of Tokuho Azuma exercise a no less compelling power with their exact delicacy—e.g., the delicacy of the movements of her feet—and controlled fluidity. Something of a surprise after this high art are the engaging folk-dances, executed with the same precision, and with a humor that needs no translation.

Repetition, I find, doesn't diminish the charm of the movements in which Jerome Robbins embodied delicate psychological insight and humor in "The Afternoon of a Faun." But in "Quartet," his latest piece for the New York City Ballet, I see nothing but his professional resourcefulness in filling a stage with movement, which I find uninteresting.

Taking over LeClercq's part in "The Nutcracker" one night Diana Adams gave a dazzlingly lovely performance; taking over Tallchief's another night she did less well. Repetition undoubtedly has brought more assurance and effectiveness by now; but it seems to me that at best she will be less effective in movements designed for Tallchief's physique and style than in movements designed for her own.

Returning to the NBC Symphony Toscanini played Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony for the first time in many years (why, in preference to this lovely work, he has played the boring "Reformation" Symphony, is as mysterious as other of his choices—e.g., of the Brahms Requiem in preference to the Berlioz). Koussevitzky's performance of the "Italian" Symphony with the Boston Symphony was, with the performances of Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony and the Ravel "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite, one of his great show pieces; and the interesting difference between his treatment of the "Classical" and Toscanini's is evident again in their treatments of the "Italian." Whereas Koussevitzky's performance gave the piece lightness, grace, suavity, and miraculously delicate orchestral playing, Toscanini's gives it sharpness of inflection, tension, and energy. And whereas I have come to feel that Toscanini's is the more suitable treatment of the Prokofiev symphony, though Koussevitzky's was marvelous to hear, I feel that Koussevitzky's was the more suitable for the Mendelssohn symphony, though Toscanini's is an exciting experience.

One of the greatest of Bach's instrumental works, the Concerto in D minor for harpsichord, is on a Haydn Society record played by Videro with the Orchestra of the Copenhagen Collegium Musicum under Friisholm. One major defect in the performance is the Andante tempo in which the middle movement doesn't have the effect it has when played Adagio; another is Videro's playing of the solo part, in the Allegros, like a Czerny exercise—an exercise, moreover, whose figurations occasionally cover significant details in the orchestral


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part. The performance to acquire of this work is still the pre-war Szigeti performance of a violin arrangement on Columbia ML-4286 (not the recent Prades Festival performance on ML-4352). The Haydn Society record also offers the less interesting Concertos in A major and F minor, with their slow movements again played too fast.

Equally unsatisfactory are the performances of Mozart's Piano Concertos K.466 and 488 on another Haydn Society record—with pedestrian playing by Marcelle Mayer and a poor orchestra that is stridently reproduced.

Urania, which a couple of years ago issued a few performances of Beethoven sonatas by a pianist named Hugo Steurer that I found very impressive, has now issued on one of its cheaper Request Series records his performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 with the Radio Leipzig Symphony under Pflüger. The orchestral part is played and reproduced poorly; but Steurer's playing is again excellent—though I must add that he doesn't play certain ornaments in the slow movement or the opening theme of the finale as they are given in my old Eulenburg score and omits a cadenza written out in the finale. Possibly there is a new text that Steurer is using.

Mozart's "A Musical Joke" K.522, for string quartet and horns, is a take-off on the banalities a group of village amateurs would play and the occasional disasters of their performance. It is played well by the Radio Berlin Chamber Orchestra under Matthieu Lange. On the same Urania record, played well by the Radio Berlin Symphony under Rolf Kleinert, is Mehul's mildly interesting Symphony in G minor.

Not just the instrumental Suite but Stravinsky's entire score for the ballet "Pulcinella," including the vocal passages, is on a Columbia record performed by Stravinsky with the Cleveland Orchestra. I still have my reservation about the episode with the trombone glissandos; but except for this I find the work that Stravinsky elaborated out of substance taken from Pergolesi charming, witty, fascinatingly made, and discreet in its treatment of the Pergolesi music. The performance with the excellent orchestra and moderately good vocal soloists has the clarity and power characteristic of Stravinsky's performances.

## Letters

[*Continued from inside front cover*]

up all dentists and put them in concentration camps. After clearance by Senator McCarthy, the handful of truly loyal ones may be allowed a limited practice, specializing of course on extractions. From now on false teeth will be a badge of patriotism. He is a poltroon, indeed, who would not give his teeth for his country.

*New York* HELEN MEARS

### Old-Age Pensions

*Dear Sirs:* It is my opinion that old-age benefits should be paid to all persons over sixty-five with the following important exceptions, none of which should apply to persons who were contributors: (1) Beneficiaries of other public-pension systems should be excluded. (2) For a person with an income, the payments plus the income should not exceed $100 a month. (3) A person should be required to support himself from savings in excess of a reasonable amount to pay for his burial.

If the federal government paid into the social-security fund an amount equal to that which it now pays for old-age assistance, the drain on the fund would be considerably less than the amount indicated in your article of January 30. As time goes on, there will be a marked decrease in the proportion of people over sixty-five who were contributors to neither social security nor other public-pension plans.

*Chicago, Ill.* BLACHFORD KOUGH

### The Stewing Saroyan

*Dear Sirs:* William Saroyan's review of E. E. Cummings's "Six Nonlectures" which appeared in the February 27 issue of *The Nation* was without doubt one of the best things Mr. S. has written to date. I have read it six times (one for each non), and find it incomparably brighter than, say, a review by a professor of English. Why doesn't Mr. Saroyan do more reviewing and less stewing? He is always good when he is plainly enthusiastic about someone other than himself, which is the reason my family dropped him shortly after "Jim Dandy," which my eight-year-old daughter suggested he call "Jimmey the Window," the window presumably being Mr. Saroyan's fame and fortune.

*New York* SAM WILLIS KNIGHT



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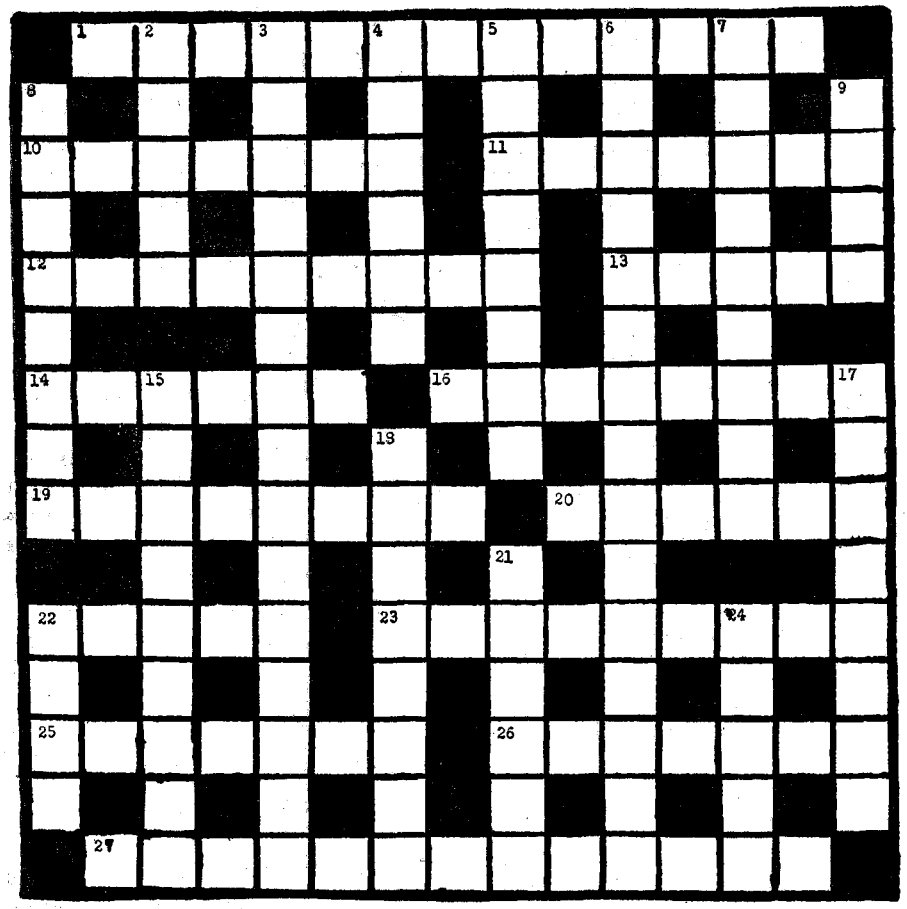
# Crossword Puzzle No. 558

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

1 and 24 down. A wolf at the door might open it shortly. (6, 7, 5)
10 A little something between a rag and a hank of hair. (7)
11 Walker, even sort of expensive. (7)
12 Clerical title in particles of Canada and New Zealand, for example. (9)
13 A little railroad as a place in France. (5)
14 It might be made up of 12. (6)
16 Suggests a miser's statement as the source of his wealth. (4, 4)
19 They might be cut for mass production. (8)
20 Hang the head of a devil on a sort of heavenly body. (6)
22 One of Chambers' less controversial versions. (5)
23 Is the capitol so bad it needs this sort of guidance? (9)
25 Not a popular type of cuff. (7)
26 Count as their assets rather sizeable bills? (7)
27 What the gardener does in periods of no rain? (5, 8)

## DOWN

2 You'll find a passing reference in Abraham's. (5)
3 Society of Oddfellows? (9, 6)
4 Swinburne wrote with this of heart-strings magnetic. (6)
5 Duty, alternatively, not the real McCoy. (8)
6 Observed by pitchers who rely on speed rather than stuff? (4, 3, 4, 4)
7 One of those things Cassius said it's our fault we are, when beneath the heather? (9)
8 Not every one is mercenary, even though so disposed at first. (8)
9 See 21 down.
15 This might be mine, upon a further examination to diagnose it. (9)
17 Condition to worry about. (8)
18 They spot things for the press. (8)
21 and 9. Hatchment, perhaps, like a cover of cannon. (4, 2, 4)
22 Blow, or caused by one. (4)
24 See 1 across.

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 557

ACROSS:—1 TRADE WINDS; 6 FAIR; 10 PERSIST; 11 and 24 down ATTAR OF ROSES; 12 and 13 RASHER OF BACON; 15 OBEYS; 17 EUCLIDEAN; 19 SCRUB TEAM; 21 GRAVE; 23 PIVOT; 24 REACTION; 27 OBVERTS; 28 DENTISTS; 29 TYRE; 30 ASTRINGENT.

DOWN:—1 TAPS; 2 AUREATE; 3 EDITH; 4 INTERCEDE; 5 DWARF; 7 AURICLE; 8 REFINANCED; 9 STABLING; 14 NON-SUPPORT; 16 SOB STORY; 18 COMMANDER; 20 REVIVER; 22 AGONIZE; 25 TENON; 26 STET.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York.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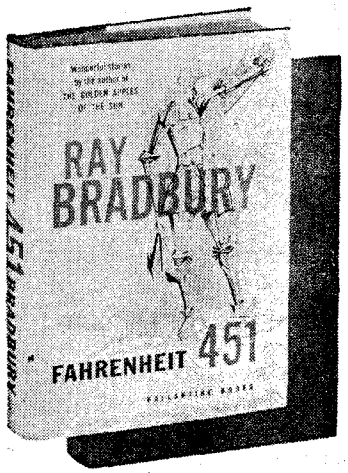


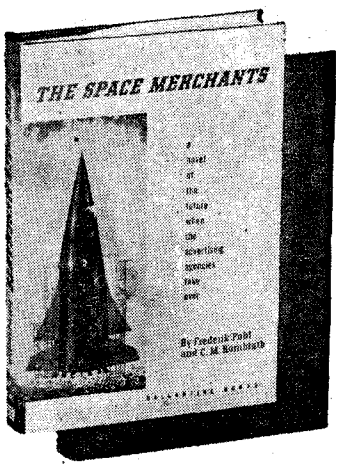


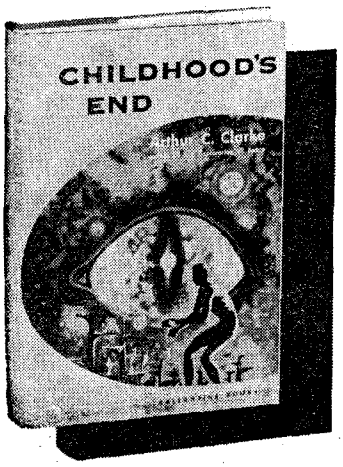


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